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That Same Old Lover

By Stanley Warde Abbott

Done into a Booklet by The Roycrofters at their Shop, in East Aurora, New York, mcmix

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DEDICATION

For the Dear People who believe that

To be married is good
To stay married is better.

These verses were written by STANLEY WARDE ABBOTT and made into a printed book by The Roycrofters, at their Shop, which is in East Aurora, Erie County, New York, U. S. A.

That Same Old Lover

That Same Old Lover

THERE'S nothing but peace on the hills tonight,
Peace and a soft wind blowing:
There's nothing but peace in my home tonight,
Peace and the firelight glowing.
'T is sweet to grow old when the heart keeps young,
And with age but grows more tender,
And a woman's soul is a better thing
For all that the years may lend her.
And blessed is she, if in looking back,
'T is her happy lot to discover
That comfort and hope she would always find
In the eyes of one faithful lover.

I WAS a rosy-cheeked lassie of
twelve,
He was a few years older,
I was as shy as a little brown wren,
He was a trifle bolder.
A stranger, I came to the village school,
They gave me no cordial greeting,
But down by the brook he waited for me,
Somewhat constrained was our meeting.
The only bridge was a slippery log;
But he kindly helped me over,
And glancing up I encountered a smile
In the eyes of my boyish lover.

SICKNESS and poverty came to
our home,
Where all had been health and
plenty,
And the family burdens fell upon
me
An untried maiden of twenty.
But out of my toil and out of my pain
And out of my love-shared sorrow,
There grew the sufficient strength for the day,
And for many a sad tomorrow.
And oh, what a solace it was to me then,
When death seemed 'round us to hover,
That my tear-dimmed eyes never sought in vain
The eyes of my manly lover.

SMALL was the house where I
dwelt as a bride,
Small, but with love overflowing,
A lilac bush bloomed in the tiny
yard,
And often I sat there sewing,
Fashioning garments of daintiest white,
Too small but for love to measure,
Garments of mystery, prayerfully wrought,
To enfold an unpriced treasure.
And I knew, as I sat by the lilac bush,
On my throne of blossoming clover,
Queen of our little realm was I
In the eyes of my wedded lover.

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AND our children came, and our
children went,
Each one our fond hearts
winning,
But after awhile we were all alone,
As we were in the beginning.
Tonight as I sit by the open fire,
And dream above my knitting,
A white-haired man on the opposite side
Of the glowing grate is sitting.
And when, now and then, I glance from my
work
I 'm almost sure to discover
A pair of eyes looking straight in my own,
The eyes of that same old lover.

So here then endeth the poem, THAT SAME OLD LOVER, as written by STANLEY WARDE ABBOTT, and done into a booklet by The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

"There 's nothing but peace on the hills tonight"

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